

Dispatch
 100 E. Main Street
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 SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1912.

THE INJUSTICE OF ROBERT COLLIER
 It is a cheap and pitiful performance for Robert Collier, owner of Collier's Weekly, to hold up as a target for his own sneers and a broadside from the Imperial Roosevelt, his former friend and editor, Norman Hapgood. For nine years Hapgood put his brains, his love of truth, his courage and his brilliancy of writing into making the Weekly a great and constructive force in American affairs. Now, because this same courage and honesty will not let him acquiesce in accepting Mr. Roosevelt's so-called program as an impeccable and faultless solution of all our ills, Mr. Collier takes it upon himself to declare that "Collier's has not been true to its own best traditions." He publishes upon his front page a letter from Mr. Roosevelt, thundering that the attitude of Collier's in this campaign was flagrantly unjust not only to him, but to Collier's itself. We think this is pretty poor sport. The true flagrant injustice has been done Norman Hapgood, and the failure to follow high traditions is in Mr. Collier himself.

Roosevelt has evidently used Mr. Collier for his own ends with the same cunning skill he has used others. But that does not lighten the blame upon the owner's shoulders. He knew the facts; he was most keenly aware of what his editor had done in loyal and brilliant service. He owed it to his own self-respect not to try to make a target of a man to tickle the ears of a few subscribers. Norman Hapgood will not be hurt, but the influence and prestige of Collier's will suffer great and grievous harm, and this we regret as a loss to American progress.

The Times-Dispatch never admired the courage of Collier's more than when it came out against the trust regulation theories of Roosevelt. Much of Roosevelt's "social program" was very dear to the Collier's tradition. But without hesitancy it put itself in opposition to the legalized monopoly sought by the Progressive party. It analyzed his position with cold and piercing logic. It gave him praise for what he sought of good, but because it could not agree to all, it did him a flagrant injustice. Yet we defy any man not a hypnotized believer in the Roosevelt myth to say that the legalization of monopoly is not the program of the Progressives. It is the doctrine of regulation by the government, not by the laws, and the people are convinced that it would only clamp tighter the bonds they are seeking to unloose.

We wonder what the future policy of the Rooseveltized Collier's will be. Will Robert Collier bask in the royal smile to-day, only to be damned into outer darkness to-morrow? Are there no ghosts of Wiley and La Follette at the feast? If Mr. Collier's idea of public service and truth-telling is to depend on the praise or opprobrium of the Colonel, he will walk a crooked track before the end.

A BALKAN PARTITION FORECAST.
 Arguing that the dangers of the "European situation" as related to the Balkan war are all in the future, convinced that the war per se will be localized, and that the status quo ante cannot be maintained, the London Spectator has an interesting forecast of what, in its view, will be the final settlement and the modus vivendi if a general European conflict is to be avoided. First and foremost it lays down the proposition that Austria-Hungary cannot be cut off from her hope of reaching Salonica and the sea, for the reason that she is in position to enforce demand that she shall not be.

Translated into geographical terms, says the Spectator, this means that the sanjak of Novi-Bazar must fall back into Austro-Hungarian possession, and that a stretch of territory including Salonica must be left to her at once or be placed under some system of government that will not close the door to her. For the rest, so far as the allies are concerned, it is outlined in the forecast that Bulgaria would get a large part of Thrace; Greece, fragments of Epirus and Thessaly; and Montenegro, a slice of Albania. At the same time, in compensation for the loss of the sanjak and the opportunity for further expansion in that specific direction, Serbia would be allotted the southeast portion of the province of Kosovo. The Spectator terms the projected Austro-Hungarian "road to the sea," in case of its possession, Austria-Hungary's "irreducible minimum." This, it will be seen, leaves Russia to be disposed of or satiated. The Spectator recognizes that St. Petersburg would ask, and have a right to ask, "Where do we come in?" In answering the question, it suggests that the remaining piece of Turkey, including Constantinople, should be marked to fall to Russia, and when circumstances made it possible for the Turks to con-

sume any longer in Europe, or again if Austria-Hungary goes to Salonica, whichever event may first occur. Then the Spectator adds:
 "We shall be told, of course, that it would be most unnecessary and most dangerous to allow Russia not only to have Constantinople, but the European side of the Dardanelles and of the sea of Marmora. On the contrary, we think it would be most natural and most reasonable and entirely consistent with the interests of Britain and also of the peace of the world, to give Russia, as the chief representative of the Eastern Church, the prestige which comes from the possession of Constantinople, and also the right to our side of the straits which give access to the Black Sea. The Black Sea for trade purposes is a Russian sea, and it has always appeared to us most reasonable that the Russians should desire and should obtain possession of the key of the door which leads into the Black Sea. Russia wants to secure her egress from the Black Sea, and ought ultimately to be given that right. Quite apart from this, it is very much to our interests to bring another power into the Mediterranean, and a power which will help to prevent the balance from inclining in a direction that may be hostile to this country."

The forecast is interesting and is supported by clear, impressive and intelligent reasoning throughout, whether it is destined to materialize or not. And not the least interesting feature of it is the question it naturally causes to obtrude itself, and which is: Does it explain Great Britain's "silence?"

The quotation we have made in extenso from our contemporary is but an amplification of a hint it conveyed in a short editorial paragraph in a previous issue, that the card Great Britain might play in the game of Balkan adjustment would be the reversal of her historic policy in regard to Russia's possession of Stamboul and access to the Mediterranean. Many reasons why Great Britain might afford to make liberal concessions to Russia on this issue have developed since the Crimean War and the treaty of Paris, and since San Stefano and the forcing by Great Britain of revision of that treaty at Berlin.

It is hardly necessary to say that the Spectator, in its allusion to preventing the "balance from inclining in a direction that may be hostile" to its own country, had Austria-Hungary and the event of that power's reaching Salonica and the Aegean in mind. Italy's recently extended interests in the Mediterranean, through the annexation of Tripoli, would, although she is Austria-Hungary's ally in the triple alliance, naturally incline her passively, if not actively, to the British side.

THE RIGHT MAN AT V. P. I. WILL HELP FARMER.

The Times-Dispatch is glad to see that the farmers of Virginia are waking up to the profound importance of getting the right man at the head of V. P. I. As the Southern Planter points out in an editorial reproduced on this page: "The election of a president for the Virginia Polytechnic Institute vitally concerns the farmers of Virginia." It is true that this institution should stand at the head and furnish the big constructive leadership in rural life in this State. Its possibilities for helping the people of Virginia have not even been half-realized. It needs a strong, trained, experienced president to seize present opportunities and make new ones. No petty selfishness of viewpoint or provincial politics should hinder the choice of a man who can deliver the goods.

It does not make any difference how successful a man has been at something else; what is needed here is a man who has been a noteworthy success at building up an agricultural and technical school of this kind. Virginia wants a man who can act for himself, on his own judgment and guided by a wealth of experience in handling problems of grave and far-reaching import. It does not want to elect a man who will be a figurehead and have to make his decisions second-hand. The science of agriculture cannot be learned overnight. It is idle to expect an untrained president to get good results from a position, the first requirement for which is a high technical expertise.

The people of Virginia want a man at the head of V. P. I. who has had the advantage of studying these problems long and earnestly. It wants a man who is acquainted with the best that has been achieved in other States, and one who can get the same results here. It wants a man who is in touch with the best men for the faculty positions he will have to fill, who can judge of their qualifications and see to it that they fulfill the demands made upon them.

If such a man cannot be secured in Virginia, let him be secured elsewhere. If he cannot be secured at the present salary, let him be secured at the just price for the valuable service he can render. The Planter shows how other States secure the land to get the best men, and give them salaries commensurate with their services.

SOME IMPROVEMENTS IN VOTING.
 Although most of us will probably be satisfied that the result of the election Tuesday will represent the aggregate wisdom and desire of the nation, there have been so many suggestions as to how our present voting system can be improved that it arouses a suspicion that it could really be improved. Certainly the ideal of a democracy is to get all the voters to express a choice and to have their ballots honestly recorded. If under the present

system a considerable part of the people do not vote at all—and there is a doubt as to whether those who do vote get things straight—it might be wise to consider a simpler and more compelling expression of public opinion. Attorney-General Wickersham thinks the trouble is in the indifferent voter, and proposes that men be compelled to exercise the suffrage under a penalty, at least in cases of constitutional amendments. His idea is that in settling the organic and fundamental principles of the government under which he agrees to live, each man should be forced to express his assent or dissent. Mr. Charles Francis Adams has a clever plan for having the presidential vote taken by mail. He would use the post-office machinery for election purposes, and so save both time and money. His scheme would be worked somewhat upon the registered letter theory. Every voter would be reached, and a full and official record established at small cost.

Another interesting proposal is that we hold our elections on Sunday. Perhaps the idea is that the better the day the better the deed, and so men would not wander into devious ways of securing votes. It would also save a day, and perhaps the fact that Sunday is free from other cares might cause a more intense interest in casting a ballot.

Earnest efforts are also being made to simplify the machinery of voting. The ballot is being shortened in order to avoid confusing the issue, or the voter. Tests of new automatic machines have proved discouraging. Even the experts could not split a ticket in less than forty seconds, and the ordinary man took from two to three minutes. The result is that in Chicago they will follow the old system, however dubious.

The moral of the whole agitation is that voting depends on the man, and that we can't get a better system until we get men who are more intelligent and more keenly sensible of their responsibilities. Of what significance would be a vote forced from a man under threat of punishment? If a voter refuses to come in person, will he be of any value by mail? Will not be as many doubtful deeds be done on Sunday as on Tuesday? About all that can be done is to educate a man until he learns that it is to his interest to vote and to tell him how to vote wisely and expeditiously. The rest lies with him.

EDGAR A. POE'S MOTHER.

There is something profoundly pathetic in the news that the grave of Edgar Allan Poe's mother has been discovered in old St. John's churchyard in Richmond. Her grave seems indeed a place for a monument, but a monument to defeated hopes, a dark and sombre relic of the reflected brilliancy of her son's career. From whatsoever high and quiet place she looks down upon the world, what thoughts of the tragedy—Man—amuse her eternal hours?

She was a gay and beautiful woman, an actress, and she bore as a son that delicate and mysterious incarnation of wild creativeness, Edgar Poe. How much of her own gaiety and beauty and mystery helped to mold the fragile prophet of weird poetry who once nestled to her breast? Does she remember with glowing pride that he was a great artist and a fiery burning soul, or does she shudder at the thought of her little son, befuddled in his cups and shaming all her one-time hopes for him? Is she reconciled to his failings for the sake of his gifts?

It is hard to understand the sadness that her picture brings to the heart. Perhaps it is because of the quick forgetfulness that swiftly covers a human life. She has melted into time like a painted November leaf drifting down upon the dark surface of the tarn of Auber. We remember her for her son's sake, but not even in his haunting lines is there aught to tell of her life. She was Poe's mother. We erect in the thirty feet where she has been buried a monument in her honor. Yet we do not even know the color of her eyes.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch says that football is a properly punctuated pastime, for this reason: "Football is divided into four periods. In between each period are innumerable dashes and exclamation points. Many a player is brought to a full stop by slugs and reduced to a state of coma."

Capital:
 We bet every one of the Balkan allies will want white meat when it comes to carving up Turkey.

Both Mr. Taft and Colonel Roosevelt will just hear the election returns Tuesday. They won't be election returns.

Spring fever weather in the fall is just another of the charms of the Virginia climate.

Anybody who takes a leaf out of Nature's book right now will think the amiable dame gets out a yellow journal.

The Ottoman army ought to man its guns better.

The franchise bidders seem to use up a lot of power without generating much light these days.

If Virginia beats Vanderbilt to-day she needn't worry about that V. M. I. game any more.

Notwithstanding the warm weather, the price of coal stays up. We are slowly coming to the opinion that the weather isn't what fixes the price of coal.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

A Metamorphosis.
 Under the spreading chestnut tree
 The village smithy stood;
 The smith, a mighty man was he,
 Industrious and good.

He did repairing in those days
 At very slight expense,
 And very seldom did the bill
 Run over 50 cents.

He lived within a humble cot,
 And poverty he knew,
 And luxuries that came his way
 Were very, very few.

Then came the metamorphosis.
 He's now a millionaire;
 He has a mansion and a yacht
 And railroad bonds to spare.

He doesn't tinker wagons now,
 Where once he made a dime.
 He charges \$50 for
 Five minutes of his time.

The humble blacksmith is no more,
 He is a man of means;
 He's running a high-toned garage
 And tinkers limousines.

Mr. Lightfoot's Adventures.

Mr. Lucius W. Lightfoot, the celebrated steeple-jack, who has climbed a great many church steeples for the purpose of painting them, fixing the weather vanes, etc., had a rather thrilling experience the other day. Mr. Lightfoot, he it known, is one of the most eminent climbers in the State. While he was greasing the weather vane which surmounts the steeple of one of the prominent houses of worship the other day, the rope, by which he had intended to descend, escaped from its moorings and fell to the ground. Mr. Lightfoot does not stay up on top of steeples all the time. He has to get down to the ground at meal times. He was in a queer predicament. He could wrap himself around the steeple at its sharp point and hang on, but he could not slide down that way, as one would slide a flagpole, because the steeple broadens out as one proceeds toward the foot, and keeps growing larger, and it would be impossible for one to keep his arms and legs around it all the way down. Mr. Lightfoot, being a man of resource, immediately remembered that once upon a time a man who had been caught on top of a high chimney, had raveled his sock and let the yarn down, and by it pulled up a string and then a rope which had been fastened on by an admiring constituency below. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Lightfoot is one of those free and untrammelled citizens who do not wear socks. After Mr. Lightfoot had been a prisoner on top of the steeple for three days, and was almost ready to let go, a genius on the ground made a bow and arrow, and shot an arrow over the steeple. Attached to the arrow was a string. The rest was easy. Mr. Lightfoot hauled up a rope and made his escape to the ground. The moral is that a man who climbs steeples should wear socks.

That Car.

He owned a handsome touring car,
 To ride in it was heaven.
 He ran across a piece of glass—
 Bill—\$14.97.

He took his friends out for a ride,
 'Twas good to be alive.
 The carburetor sprang a leak.
 Bill—\$40.95.

He started on a little tour;
 The finest sort of fun.
 He stopped too quick and stripped his gear.
 Bill—\$90.51.

He took his wife down town to shop.
 To save car fare was great.
 He jammed into a hitching post.
 Bill—\$278.

He spent all of the coin he had
 And then in anguish cried:
 "I'll put a mortgage on the house
 And take just one more ride."

Things to Think About.

It takes a bachelor or an old maid to tell married folks how to bring up children.

Nine tenths of the side-talk-with-girls dope is written by gentlemen with scraggly whiskers and corn-cob pipes.

If the forests are not augmented soon, there will be no wood for toothpicks, matches and lead pencils four million years from now.

There are 47,892 vaudeville persons in this country at the present time who are singing "Everybody's Doing It."

The only sure way to become a contributor to the newspapers is to write patent medicine testimonials.

A watermelon is an optimistic cucumber that has done well in life, and a cucumber is a pessimistic watermelon. Think it over.

No Chance Then.

"Give me liberty," shouted Hon. P. Henry. "Give me liberty or give me death."

That was strong talk, of course, but it should be remembered that there was no Reno for Patrick to go to, at that time.

The V. P. I. Presidency.

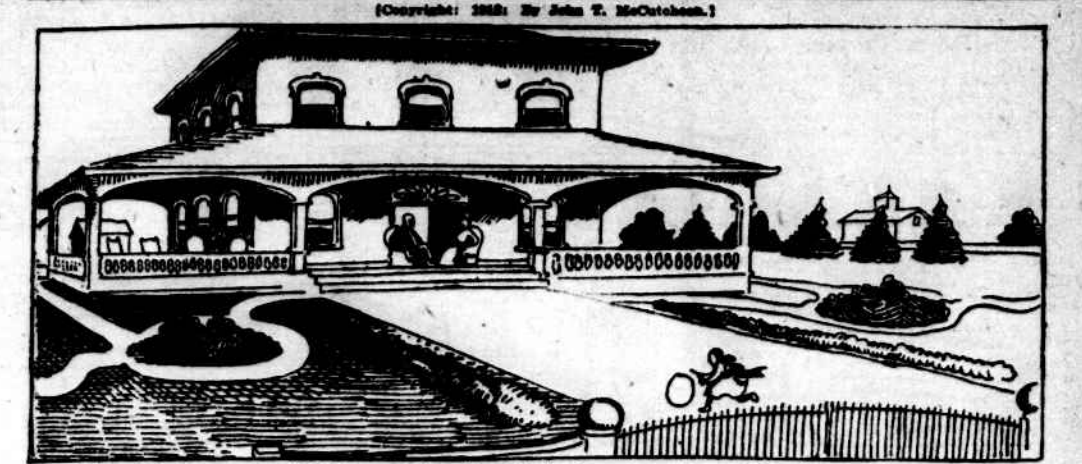
The question of a president for Virginia Polytechnic Institute vitally concerns the farmers of Virginia. This institution not only is an important part of our educational system, but it should

Abe Martin



HOW THE OLD HOMESTEAD SHRINKS AS THE INCOME GROWS.

By John T. McCutcheon.



When their income was \$10,000 a year they thought the house was fine and the view superb.



When their income was \$50,000 a year, they began to notice that their quarters were cramped and that a neighboring barn marred the view.



But when their income reached a quarter of a million a year, the house became so small and the obnoxious barn so large that they had to move to a fashionable suburb.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

C. & O. and N. & W.
 Which has the larger outstanding bond and stock debt, the Chesapeake and Ohio or the Norfolk and Western? Which stock sells at the higher rate?
 R. T. H.

N. & W. During 1911 the highest rate paid for C. & O. was \$6 3/4 and the lowest for N. & W. was \$5 1/4, while the highest was 110 1/4.

Old Shakespeare.

Please give me the date of publication of what is known as the second folio Shakespeare.
 A. W.

Carnegie Institute.

Can you inform me whether the Carnegie Institute in Washington receives students?
 It does not. The institute is not a teaching institution, but one for investigation, research and discovery.

Robert V. Hayne.

Will you give me the date of Robert V. Hayne's great speech on the reduction of the tariff and tell me where I may get it?
 EAGLE.

Most of Mr. Hayne's speeches were "great," and he spoke not a few times on tariff reduction. Probably you refer to his speech of January 9, 1832, as this is very often quoted. You will be able to find it in the State Library, knowing the date as above.

Warlike.

Please tell me the rank of the highest officer in the United States Navy and in the United States Army; also what rifles are used in the army.
 T. F. H.

Admiral.

Major-general Springfield, 30 caliber.

Newsmarket.

I find no reference to the battle of Newmarket in my history of the war. Will you be good enough to give the date and the commanders and the numbers engaged?
 R. E. M.

For a brief statement one could hardly do better than cite Harbottle's May 13, 1864, between 15,000 Federals under Sigel and 3,500 Confederates under Breckenridge. The Confederates by a rapid flank movement fell upon Sigel's forces while on the march and drove them to seek shelter in a wood behind their artillery. The guns were most gallantly attacked and taken by 250 boys, pupils of the Lexington military school, who lost eighty of their number in the charge. Sigel retired, having lost very heavily in men and leaving six guns in the enemy's hands.

A Date.

Please tell me what day of the week was August 1, 1876.
 W. M.

Voice of the People

The Tenth Issue.
 To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
 Mr. Why do politicians try to confuse the tariff issue? It is a plain business proposition. Every dollar taken abroad is one dollar taken from American labor, and any legislation that increases imports to that extent decreases the amount of work for our laboring men, and as the laboring man is the only wealth-producer, hard times follow.

To My Neighbor.

My love for you is as calm and serene as a mother's kiss to her infant given.
 And tuned to the perfect harmony.

Or the songs which the seraphs sing in heaven.

My love for you is as turbulent, dear, as the billows which toss far out on the ocean.
 As reckless and wild as a wayward child.
 Or a ship at the mercy of the waves' commotion.

My love for you has greater strength than Samson felt when the temple fell.
 With the re and flame and intensity that a soul might feel which is doomed to hell.
 Yes, my love for you would soar to heaven.
 And seek you at the Great White Throne.
 Or sing to the deepest pit in hell.
 Reach out a hand and claim its own.
 ROBERTA PEYTON.

MONEY COMING BACK

Frightened Depositors of the Mechanics' Savings Bank Rejoice Confidently. A number of depositors who withdrew their funds from the Mechanics' Savings Bank during the three days when the recent run was in progress came back to the bank's place of business at 214 East Clay Street yesterday and redeposited their money. Officials of the bank reckoned last night that about \$6,000, or three-eighths of the total amount withdrawn during the stringency, was returned to its vaults.

In the end the bank expects the entire amount to be returned to their custody. No effort was made to continue the drain on its resources yesterday, as the assurances of the American National Bank and of the First National Bank had a quieting effect on the fears of the depositors. Business in the banking room of the institution went on much as usual throughout the busy yesterday.

The run on the Mechanics' Savings Bank had no effect on the St. Luke's Penny Savings Bank, another colored institution, located at First and Marshall Streets. Maggie L. Walker, president of the St. Luke's Bank, felt gratified last night that the institution of which she is head was not affected by the relation of the Christian religion to present day political problems and issues will form the body of his discourse.

"WE STAND AT ARMAGEDDON"

Pastor Will French To-morrow Night on Issues of Election.
 Rev. H. D. C. MacLachlan, pastor of the Seventh Street Christian Church, will discuss the issues underlying the general election of Tuesday at 8 o'clock. The immediate subject of his talk will be "We Stand at Armageddon," and while he adopts the slogan of one of the political parties for his topic, Mr. MacLachlan promises to strike no partisan note in his remarks.

The relation of the Christian religion to present day political problems and issues will form the body of his discourse.

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